THE

FAIRY READER

ADAPTED FROM GRIMM AND ANDERSEN

BY

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FAIRY READER.

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THE STORIES IN THIS BOOK

THE FAIRY READER

THE FOX AND THE HORSE

I

master	lion	plow	starve
dusty	drew	chance	wonder

There was once a Horse that was too old to work.

So his Master turned him out to find his own food.

He went along the dusty road, looking for grass.

But the ground was dry and hard, and no green thing could he find.

By and by he came to some woods.

There he stopped a little while.

A good Fox lived in the woods. He saw the old Horse and spoke to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Horse. Why do you look so sad this beautiful day?"

"I am sad because I have no home," said the Horse.

"When I was young and strong I worked hard for my Master every day.

"I helped him plow.

"I drew his wagon.

"I took him to town as often as he wished to go.

"His children rode upon my back.

"But now when I am old and cannot work he beats me.

"He turns me out into the road and says: 'Get away from here. I will not take care of you. I will not feed you. You must find your own food or starve.'

"Do you wonder that I am sad?"

The Fox answered: "No, I do not wonder. It must be hard to have no home. But did not your Master give you any chance to come back to him?"

"The chance is a poor one," said the Horse. "He told me that if I would bring him a Lion he would take me back. But he knows I cannot do that."

II

den safe drag body tail

"It is not so poor a chance as you think," said the Fox. "Only do as I tell you, and I will help you."

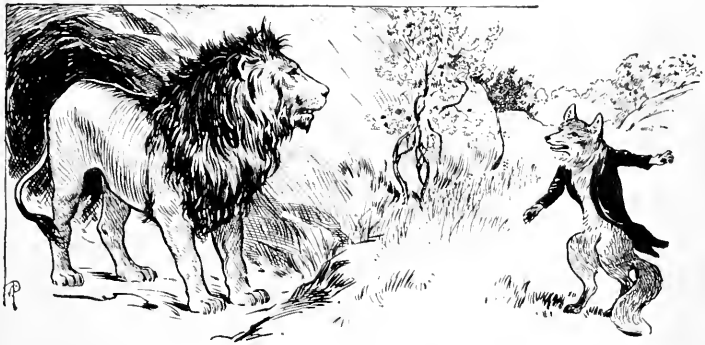
"I will do anything," said the Horse. "I will do anything."

"Then do this: Lie down with your head on the ground. Shut your eyes. Keep very still. Make believe you are dead."

The Horse did as he was told.

A Lion lived in a den not far away.

The Fox ran to the den as fast as he could. He found the Lion at home.



"Come with me! Come with me!" he said. "I will show you a Horse. He seems to be dead. Come and get him. He will make a fine dinner for you."

The Lion was hungry. So he

went back with the Fox through the woods.

Soon they came to the place where the Horse was lying.

"Now, Mr. Lion," said the Fox, "this is not a safe place for you. It is too near the road. Don't you think you had better take the Horse to your den and eat him there?"

"Yes," said the Lion, "I think that will be a good plan."

"Well, then," said the Fox, "I will help you. I will tie the Horse's tail around you. Then you may drag him to your den."

"All right!" said the Lion.

So he turned his back and stood still. He thought that the Fox

would tie the Horse's tail around his body.

III

hairs drag dragging roar wrong

But the Fox did not do as the Lion thought.

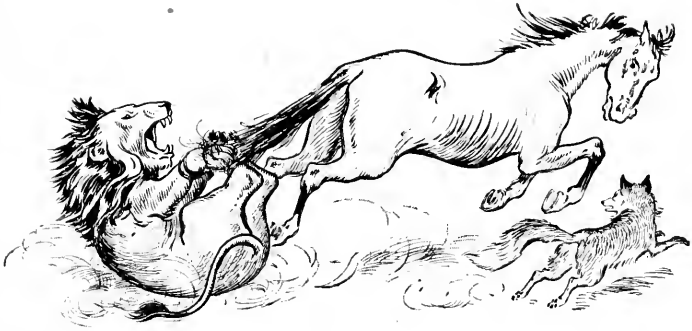
He took the long hairs of the Horse's tail and tied them around the Lion's legs.

He did this so well that the Lion did not know it.

When all his work was done, the Fox gave the Horse a tap on the head and said, "Now, my friend, drag! drag!"

The Horse jumped up at once.

He ran as fast as he could to the road, dragging the Lion behind him.



The Lion could not help himself, for his legs were tied fast to the Horse's tail.

All he could do was to roar.

He roared so loud that all the birds in the woods heard him.

The Horse ran on till he came to his old home.

He dragged the Lion to his Master's door.

"Here is your Lion," he said.

"Ah, sure enough!" cried his

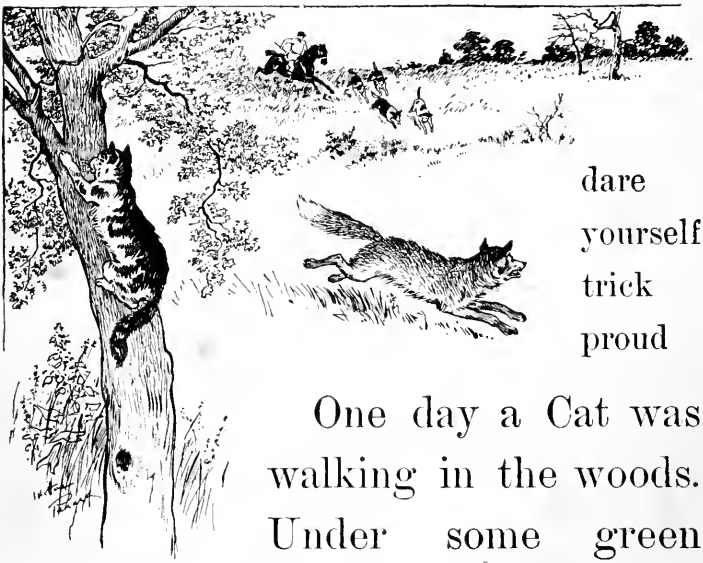
Master "You are a better Horse than I thought. I was wrong to drive you away.

"You shall have a good home with me as long as you live."

And so the good Horse had the best of care all the rest of his days.

THE CAT AND THE FOX

I



dare
yourself
trick
proud

One day a Cat was walking in the woods. Under some green trees she met a Fox.

"Good morning, dear Fox," she said. "How glad I am to meet you! Are you well to-day?"

The Fox was very proud. He

looked at the Cat and did not speak for some time. Then he said:

"You poor little thing! How dare you speak to one who is so much wiser than yourself? What do you know that is worth knowing? Tell me."

"I do not know much," said the Cat. "But I know one trick."

"What is that?" asked the Fox.

"I climb up a tree when the dogs are after me," answered the Cat. "That is my trick."

"Oh, is that all?" said the Fox. "Why, I know a hundred tricks better than that. Come with me, and I will show you how to get away from the dogs."

II

swift sight life know sharp

The Cat went with the Fox far into the green woods.

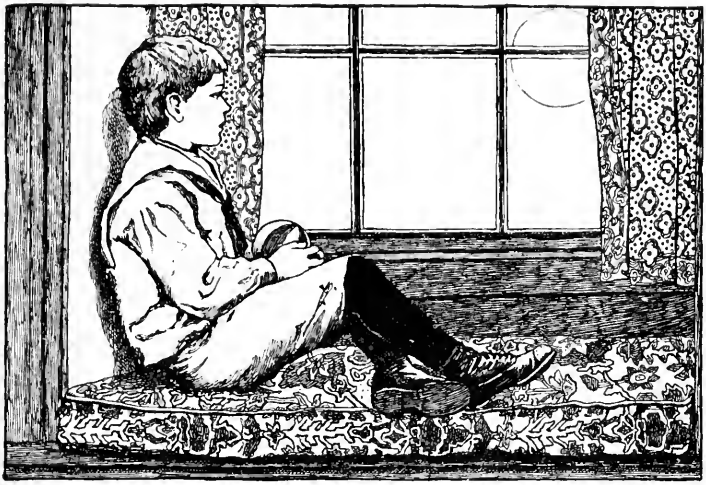
Soon a hunter came along. He had four swift dogs with him.

The Cat ran up a tree and sat where the leaves hid her from sight.

"Now, Friend Fox," she said, "let us see some of your tricks."

The Fox did not know what to do. He ran this way and that. The dogs were soon upon him.

When at last he felt their sharp teeth, he cried out, "Oh, if I had only known one thing well, I might not have lost my life in this way."



THE MOON'S STORY

I

O pretty moon, you are so high and bright. What are you doing up in the sky?

I am giving light. I am looking down on the busy city and the pleasant country.

What do you see, pretty moon? What do you see as you look down from your high place in the sky?

I see a great many things. I see men at work and children at play. I see fields and woods and towns.

Shall I tell you what I saw last night?

Oh, yes, kind moon.

II

supper tied tired post Bruin yard

Hear now what the moon told the little boy.

Last evening I looked down on a house by the road.

I saw a man in the house. He

was sitting at a table and eating his supper.

He had been walking all day with a pet bear.

The bear was tied to a post in the yard. He was tired and very hungry.

No one had given him anything to eat. He must wait for his master.

Poor Bruin! He was not at all pretty. But he would not hurt any one.

III

kitchen once tramp sound

In a room above the kitchen three children were playing.

I looked in through the window and saw them.

They were Frank and George and their little brother Henry.

Frank was six years old and George was four. Henry was only a baby.

"I hear some one coming up the steps," said George.

Tramp, tramp! All the children heard the sound.

Who could it be?

All at once the door flew open.

I saw who it was.

It was poor Bruin.

He had got tired standing in the yard. He had come to see what the boys were doing.

IV

shaggy	funny	floor	drum
soldier	doggie	hind	beat

At first the children were afraid. They ran and hid in a dark corner of the room.

But the bear did not wish to hurt them.

"It is only a big dog," said

Frank; and he came out of the corner.

"Good doggie!" said little Henry.

Then all ran and began to pet the great shaggy fellow.

The bear was pleased because the boys were kind to him.

He lay down on the floor.

Little George climbed on his back.

"What a good doggie!" said Henry.

Then Frank took his drum and began to beat upon it.

Poor Bruin stood up.

He stood up on his hind feet and began to dance.

Oh, how funny it was!

After that each of the boys took a stick for a gun.

They gave the bear one.

He held it just as a soldier should. He stood up straight.

"The doggie is a good soldier," said little Henry.

"He is the best of all," said Frank.

V

march	together	speak	fright
captain	halt	frightened	isn't

Then they began to march.

Frank was the captain.

"One, two; one, two!" They kept time together.

Up and down the room they marched.

What a good soldier Bruin was!

He could march as well as any one. He kept time well.

"One, two; one, two; halt!"

Some one was coming up the stairs.

It was the mother of the three little boys.

She opened the door.

Oh, how frightened she was!

She could not speak.

"See the good doggie," said baby Henry.

"Oh, mother, isn't he a fine big pet?" cried George.

"He is a good soldier," said Captain Frank.

The mother's face was white with fright.

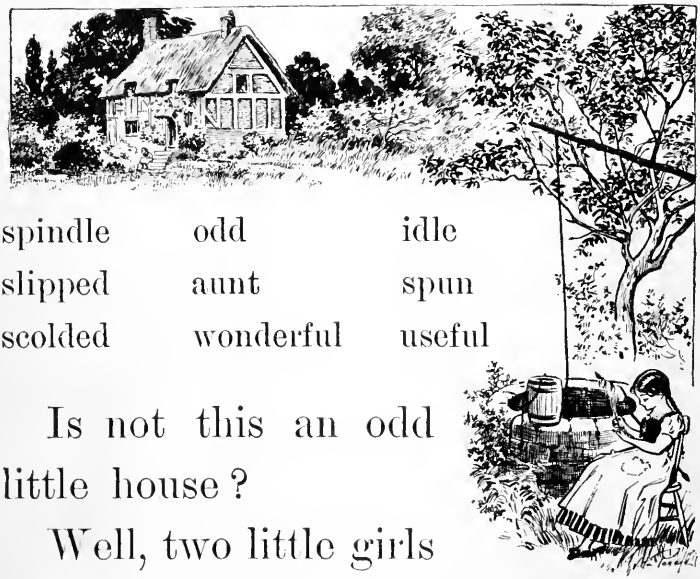
Just then the bear's master came running up.

"Do not be afraid," he said.

And poor Bruin was led away.

THE LOST SPINDLE

I



spindle	odd	idle
slipped	aunt	spun
scolded	wonderful	useful

Is not this an odd little house?

Well, two little girls once lived here with their aunt.

One little girl was kind and good. She was always busy with some useful work.

The other was idle and cross.

She was never willing to do what she was told.

But their aunt showed more love to the idle girl than to the busy one.

She made the good Kind Child do all the hard work about the house.

The cross Idle Girl did nothing but play from morning till night.

Every day the Kind Child was made to sit by the well and spin.

She spun so much that her fingers became very tired, and it was hard for her to hold the spindle.

One day the spindle slipped from her hands. It fell, down, down, into the deep well.

When the Kind Child saw that her spindle was gone, she ran crying into the house. She told her aunt all about it.

The woman scolded her.

She said, "You have let your spindle fall into the well, and you must go and get it."

The Kind Child went back to the well.

She looked in and saw nothing but water.

Then she jumped down to get the spindle.

But a wonderful thing happened.

She did not fall into the water. She fell upon a soft bed of grass in a green meadow.

II

oven	bread	baker	burned
loaf	walked	baked	opened

The Kind Child looked around her.

The sun was shining. The meadow was bright with all kinds of pretty flowers.

She saw a pleasant road that led down to a beautiful river.

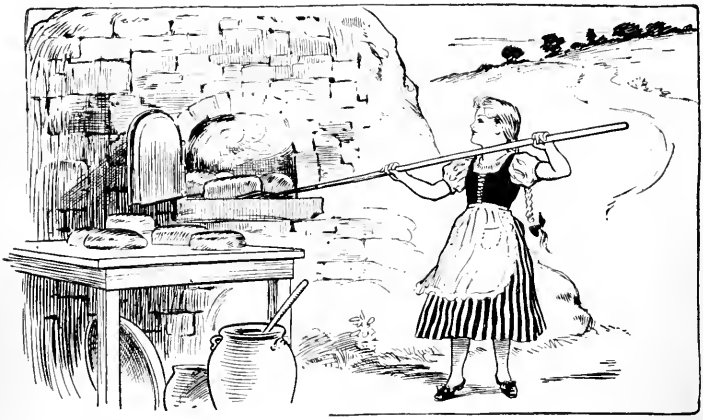
She said, "I will follow the road. It may be that my spindle is in the river."

She got up and walked and walked and walked.

She was very tired when she came to an oven by the side of the road.

The oven was full of bread, but the baker had gone away and left it.

"Draw me out! draw me out! draw me out!" cried the bread.



"I am well baked, and the oven is very hot.

"Draw me out, or I shall be burned!"

The Kind Child opened the oven door.

She drew out one hot loaf after another.

"There, now," she said, "you are all well baked, and the fire shall not burn you."

Then she walked on, looking for her spindle.

III

heap trod break shake heavy

By and by the Kind Child came to an apple tree.

The tree was so full of ripe, red apples that it was about to break.

"Shake me! shake me!" cried the tree. "My apples are ripe, and they are so heavy they will break me down."

The Kind Child was very tired, but she stopped to shake the tree.

The red apples fell like drops of rain to the ground.

"Please take care of us," they cried. "Do not leave us here to be trod upon."

The Kind Child picked them up, one by one, and put them in a little heap by the side of the road.

Then she walked on.

IV

gentle teeth feather shout

After a long time the child came to a little house with wild vines growing over it.

A woman stood at the door.

She had a kind, good face, and very bright eyes. But her teeth were so large that the little girl was afraid.

The woman called to the child and said, "What are you afraid of, my dear? And what are you doing here in fairyland?"

"I am looking for my spindle," said the Kind Child.

"I know you are gentle and good," said the woman, "and so I will help you.

"You must stay with me to-night and help me shake my feather bed."

So the Kind Child went into the house and sat down in a pleasant room.

The woman brought her some bread and honey to eat, and told her many a story of fairyland.

When night came, the woman said, "Now we must get to work.

"I am Mother Frost, and I must shake my bed all night.

"When the feathers fly through the air, the people will say, 'The frost is flying!'

"If they are large and fly very fast, the children will shout, 'The snow is falling!'"

So the Kind Child helped Mother Frost shake her bed.

And the feathers flew thick and fast through the air.

V

stuck covered dollars

In the morning Mother Frost said, "My child, you have been very good. Here is something for you to carry home with you."

Then she gave the Kind Child the spindle that had been lost in the well, and told her to go home to her aunt.

The Kind Child thanked her and said, "Good-by!"

But as she was going out of

the door, hundreds and hundreds of bright gold dollars fell down upon her.

So many of the pieces stuck to her that she was covered with yellow gold.

She turned to thank Mother Frost again. But the house and the road, the river and the pretty meadow, were no longer to be seen.

She found herself standing by the well near her own home.

VI

rooster cock-a-doodle-do golden dollars

With the spindle in her hand, the Kind Child ran to her aunt's door.

An old rooster was standing on

the door step. When he saw her, he crowed with all his might: —

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Our golden child has come again!"

Then she went in.

When her aunt saw her coming, she did not talk cross to her; for she was covered with gold dollars.

"Come in, my dear child," the aunt said. "I am so glad that you have come home.

"Come in and shut the door."

VII

lose without happened

The Kind Child told her aunt all that had happened to her.

The aunt was much pleased. She wanted all the gold for herself.

"I wish there was more of it," she said.

Then she called the Idle Girl and said, "See how nice it is to lose your spindle in the well!

"You go down to fairyland to find it, and then you come back all covered with gold.

"Would you like to try it, my dear?"

The Idle Girl thought she would

like to have the gold. But she did not want to work for it.

"Yes, I think I should like to go to fairyland," she said.

So she took her spindle and went out to the well to spin.

After she had spun a while she let her spindle drop into the well.

"Jump in and get it!" cried her aunt. "Jump in and get it!"

The girl did as she was told.

The next minute she found herself in the same beautiful meadow that the Kind Child had passed through.

She went down the same road, and soon came to the baker's oven.

It was full of bread.

"Draw me out! draw me out! draw me out!" said the bread.

"I am well baked, and the oven is hot. Please draw me out, or I shall be burned."

"What do I care?" said the Idle Girl. "Do you think I am going to work for you?"

"It is not much to do," said the bread.

But the Idle Girl went on and would give no help.

VIII

By and by she came to the apple tree.

"Shake me! shake me!" it cried. "My apples are ripe. They are so

heavy they will break me down."

"Shake yourself," said the Idle Girl. "I have enough to do without doing your work."

She held her head very high, and went on.

IX

deserve chair already alone

At last the Idle Girl came to the little house with the wild vines growing over it.

"Oh, I am so tired!" she said.

She was not afraid of Mother

Frost's big teeth, for she had already heard about them.

"Come in," said Mother Frost. "Come in. Stay with me a while, and I will give you all you deserve."

The Idle Girl went in and sat

down in Mother Frost's easy chair.

When night came, Mother Frost said, "Now you may help me shake my feather bed."

"Oh, dear!" said the Idle Girl,

"I am so tired! I wish you would let the bed alone till to-morrow."

So the good woman did not shake her bed that night. The frost did not fly, and the snow did not fall.

X

slept tar unkind flapped given

In the morning Mother Frost called the Idle Girl and said, "You have slept long enough.

"Now go back to your home.

"As you pass out of the door you shall be given all that you deserve."

"Now the pretty gold pieces will rain down upon me," thought the Idle Girl.

"I am glad I did not tire myself out by shaking her old bed.

"She may shake her own beds for all I care."

She did not thank Mother Frost.

She did not even say "Good-by."

And what do you think fell upon her as she passed the door?

It was not gold, but black tar.

She was covered with tar from head to foot. Do what she could, it would not come off.

"You deserve nothing more," said Mother Frost. "For you are idle and unkind, and you do not like to work."

Then, all at once, the girl found herself standing by the well near

her aunt's house. She had not even brought back her lost spindle.

As she went slowly to the house, the old rooster saw her. He flapped his wings, and crowed: "Cock-a-doodle-do! Here comes our good-for-nothing girl again!"

And what do you think the aunt said when she saw that the Idle Girl brought no gold, but only black tar?

THE LITTLE FIR TREE

I

Fir	spread
shone	hummed
wish	branches

See this little Fir tree!

Is it not pretty?

Its home was far out in the green woods.

Many other trees grew near it.

The sun shone warm upon it.

The soft wind blew among its branches.

The birds sang around it.

The bees hummed among the flowers that grew at its side.

Sometimes children came to play in the green woods.

When they saw the little Fir tree, they said, "Oh, what a pretty tree!"

But the Fir tree was not happy.

It wanted to be a big tree.

It said, "I am so little.

"I wish I were as big and tall as the other trees.

"Then I would spread my branches on every side.

"I could see far away over the fields and hills."

The little Fir did not care for the warm sunshine.

It did not care for the blue sky or for the singing birds.

Every day it said, "Oh, how I wish I could grow tall and old!"

It could not think of anything else.

II

rabbit bigger right faster

Sometimes in winter a little rabbit came to hop among the trees.

Once it jumped right over the Fir tree.

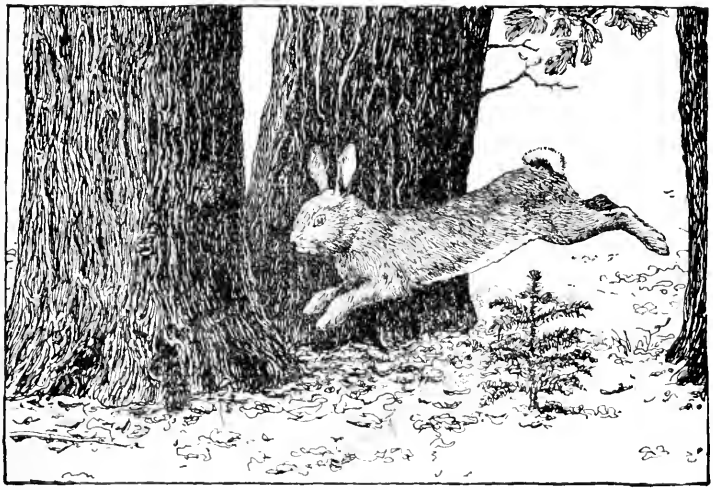
The tree did not like this at all.

"You would not do so if I were bigger," it said.

The Fir tree grew a little every day.

In two years it was so tall that the rabbit could not jump over it.

Still it was not happy.



"I wish to grow faster," it said. "I wish to be very tall right now. I wish to be big and strong like the trees that stand around me.

"I cannot wait."

III

logs sawmill drawn boards shook

One day some men came into the woods.

They cut down the large trees that grew near the little Fir.

They cut them into logs.

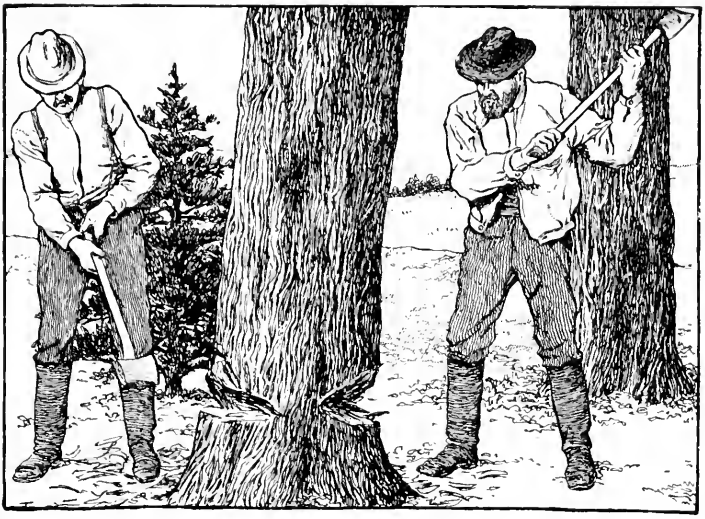
The logs were put on wagons, and drawn by horses out of the woods.

"Where are the big trees going?" asked the Fir.

"We do not know," said the bluebirds.

But a robin said: "I know. They are going to a sawmill down by the river.

"They will be sawed into boards."



"Then where will they go?" asked the little Fir.

"By and by," said the robin, "the boards will be taken to the city.

"Then they will be used to make a part of a beautiful house."

The Fir tree shook its branches.

"How grand that must be!" it said.

IV

Christmas hung

Christmas was coming.

Many little trees were cut down. Some were even smaller than our Fir tree.

They were put in wagons and taken out of the woods.

"They are no taller than I am," said the Fir tree. "I wonder where they are going."

"We know, we know," said some sparrows.

"We have been in the city and we have looked in the windows. We know what is done with the little trees."

"Tell me all about it," said the Fir.

"Well, they are put in a warm room and made to stand up, just as they did in the woods.

"Then all kinds of pretty things are hung on the branches."

"And what then?" asked the little tree.

"We did not see anything more," said the birds.

V

dull hauled sheltered world

It was the day before Christmas.

Two little boys and a man came into the woods.

"Oh, father," said one of the boys, "see this beautiful Fir tree."

"It is just the thing for our Christmas tree," said the other.

"We shall not find a better one."

The little tree heard these words.

It was very happy.

"Now I shall be taken away from this dull place," it said.

The little tree was cut down.

It was put on a wagon.

The two boys sat by it as it was hauled out of the woods.

Never again would it see the dear friends that loved it so well.

Never again would it look up at the tall trees that had sheltered it from the north wind.

Never again would it hear the singing birds or the humming bees.

But the little tree was not sad.

"I shall see the world," it said.

VI

tub middle covered trembled

The little Fir tree was carried into a large house in the city.

It was set up in a tub that was full of sand.

The tub was put in the middle of a beautiful room. It was covered with green leaves, and no one could see that it was a tub.

How the little tree trembled!

"How very grand this is!" it said to itself.

"It is much better than being in the woods with only rabbits and little birds."

By and by some girls came into the room.

"Oh, what a beautiful tree!" they said.

Then they began to hang pretty things on its branches.

They hung all kinds of playthings on the little tree.

Then on every branch they put beautiful candles.

Some of the candles were red, some were white, some were blue.

"How bright it will be this evening!" said all the girls.

"Oh, how I wish that the evening would come!" said the Fir tree.

"How beautiful I shall be when the candles are lighted!

"This is better than being out in the cold woods with only the light of the moon.

"It is better than anything else."

VII

shouted	danced	hair	presents
happen	burned	broken	opened

After a while the candles were lighted. The tree was very glad.

Then the doors were opened, and seven happy children ran in.

"How beautiful! How beautiful!" they cried.

They shouted till the room rang. They danced round the tree.

They looked at all the pretty things on its branches.

"It is the most beautiful tree we have ever had," they said.

Then a kind man with long white hair went up to the tree.

He took down the presents one by one, and gave them to the children.

Oh, what a noise they made!

And how happy every one was!

"Merry Christmas!" they shouted.

"I wonder what will happen to me next," said the little tree.

Soon the candles burned down to the branches.

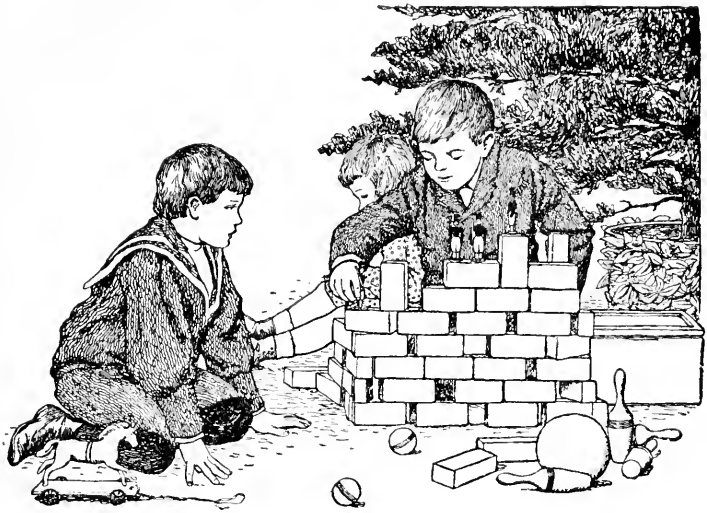
Then the happy children blew them out.

All the pretty things had been taken off the tree.

Some of its branches were broken.

Some of them had been burned by the candles.

The children were busy playing.



They talked about their presents. They were very happy. But no one cared for the poor little Fir tree.

VIII

struck merry mind to-morrow

At last the clock struck twelve. "Merry Christmas!" shouted the children.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the young girls and the father and the mother.

"Merry Christmas!" said the kind man with the long white hair.

Then all went out of the room.

The lights were turned down.

The doors were shut. The little Fir tree was left in the dark.

"Never mind!" it said.

"To-morrow night I shall be as beautiful as ever.

"Other presents will be hung on my branches.

"Other candles will be lighted."

And the old clock by the door said, "Tick-tock, tick-tock."

The tree heard no other sound.

IX

maid pulled grand upstairs corner

In the morning the house maid and a big boy came in.

"They have come to hang pretty things on my branches," said the tree.

"I shall be as grand as I was last night."

They pulled the tree from the tub.

They took it upstairs, to a dark room under the roof.

They threw it upon the floor in a corner and left it there.

X

mean itself lonely

The Fir tree lay in the dark room a long, long time.

Days and nights were all the same to it, for it never saw the light of the sun.

"What does all this mean?" it said to itself.

"I think they are taking care of me through the winter.

"When spring comes they will carry me out.

"They will put me where the sun will shine on me.

"Then I can see the world and grow large and tall.

"Yet, how pleasant it was in the woods, even when the snow was on the ground!

"And how lonely it is here!"

XI

squeak mouse life answered

"Squeak! squeak! squeak!"

It was only a little mouse, that came one day into the dark corner where the Fir tree lay.

The tree was glad to see it.

"Well, old Fir tree," said the mouse, "what are you doing here?"

"I am not old," said the tree. "In the woods there are a great many trees older than I am."

"Oh, did you come from the woods?" asked the mouse.

"Yes," said the tree. "I once lived there."

"What kind of place is it?" asked the mouse.

"It is a pretty place. The sun shines there, and the birds sing sweetly every day."

Then the tree told the mouse all about its life in the woods.

"You must have been very happy there," said the mouse.

"Well, yes," answered the Fir; "but I might have been happier."

XII

mice past cakes cheese pity rats

After that a great many mice came to see the little tree. And to each he told the story of his life.

One night two rats came into the dark room.

But they did not like the story that the tree told them.

"What do we care for the woods?" they said. "Tell us about some cakes or cheese."

"I never saw any cakes or cheese," said the tree.

"Then we pity you," said the rats; and they ran away.

After that, not even the mice came into the dark room.

"How pleasant it was when the mice ran among my branches," said the tree. "But now all that is past."

XIII

clear carried downstairs

One morning a man and a big boy came into the dark room to clear it out.

They pulled the Fir tree out of its corner. They carried it downstairs.

They threw it about till most of its leaves fell off.

But the Fir tree did not mind that; it was glad to be out where it could see the light.

The blue sky and the bright sun were above it.

"How pleasant this is," it said.

XIV

barn barnyard close twit mate

The little Fir tree, with its poor, broken branches, lay on the ground in the barnyard.

Close to the barnyard there was a pretty garden.

Red and white flowers looked over the wall.

The apple trees were in blossom.

"Now I shall live," said the Fir.

"How beautiful is the sun!

"How pleasant is the air!"

A sparrow was flying from the barn to the garden.

"Twit, twit, twit," it said. "My mate is coming. My mate is here!"

Then a robin that was in the apple tree began to sing.

"How pleasant it is to hear the birds calling again!" said the tree.

"Oh, if I had only been happy when I had so many things to make me so!

"I will try to be happy here."

XV

forgotten	ugly	bonfire	hatchets
built	flames	pop	pieces

The next day two little boys came into the barnyard.

The Fir tree knew them.

They were the same little boys that had found it in the woods.

They were the same little boys that had danced and shouted around it on that grand Christmas evening.

"Here come my best friends," said the tree.

"They have not forgotten me."

"See that ugly old Christmas tree," said one of the boys.

"What a fine bonfire it will make!" said the other.

They ran for their hatchets.

They cut off some of the branches of the little tree.

They cut a part of the tree itself into small pieces.

Then they called the other children to come and see the old Christmas tree burn.

A fire was built.

The dry branches and then the tree itself were thrown upon it.

The bright flames rose high in the air.

The children danced and shouted.

Then they sat down around the fire and looked at the burning tree.

"Pop, pop, pop, old Christmas tree!" they cried.

"Pop, pop, pop!" went some of the pieces.

Was not each pop a thought of the green woods on a summer day?

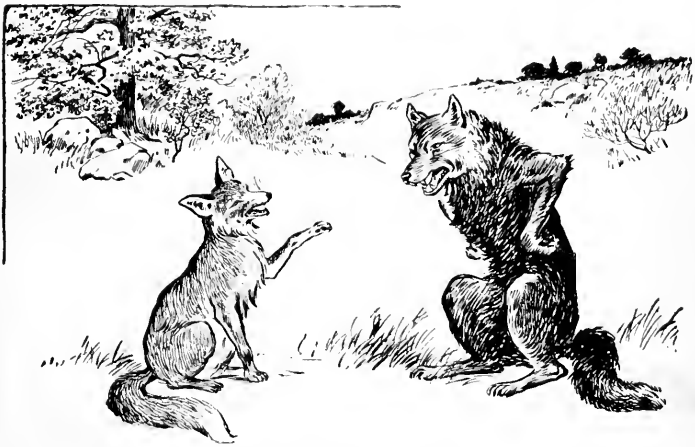
Or was it the thought of a still winter night, and the rabbit jumping over the snow?

But now all was ended.

THE WOLF AND THE MAN

I

everything	creature	cunning	already
animal	early	edge	myself



One day, far in the woods, a Fox met a Wolf.

"Did you ever see a man?" asked the Fox.

"No," said the Wolf; "but I have heard that there is such a

creature. He has only two legs, and so he can not do very much."

"He can do everything," cried the Fox. "The only way for any animal to get along with him is by being cunning like myself."

"Well," said the Wolf, "I do not care to be cunning. If I ever meet a man, I will fly at him."

"Do as you like," answered the Fox. "If you will go with me tomorrow, I will show you a man."

"All right," said the Wolf.

Early the next day, the Wolf came back to the same place.

The Fox was already there.

He led the Wolf a long way to a road near the edge of the woods.

Men, women, and children passed along this road every day.

"Now lie very still," said the Fox. "You shall soon see a man."

II

soldier	pain	hunter
barrels	fight	grinned

The first that passed was an old soldier. He had lost an arm in the war.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf.

"No," said the Fox; "but he has been one."

Then a little boy came by with his books under his arm. He was going to school.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf.

"No," answered the Fox, "but he will be one."

In a little while a hunter came down the road.

His gun was on his shoulder. It had two barrels and was loaded with small shot.

The hunter had a long knife at his side.

The Fox saw him first.

"See there!" he said to the Wolf. "There comes a man."

"Ah!" said the Wolf.

"You may fly at him as he goes by," said the Fox. "But I must run back to my home."

The Wolf made a spring at the hunter.

The hunter jumped to one side.

"I wish I had loaded my gun with ball," he said.

But he took aim, and shot at the Wolf's head.

The Wolf grinned with pain, and began to get ready for another spring.

The hunter fired again.

The Wolf felt the sting of the shot in his shoulder.

He sprang upon the hunter.

And now the hunter drew his long knife.

He gave the Wolf so sharp a cut that he was glad to give up the fight and run away.

III

braver	stung	bone	nettles	blew
shoulder	shower	beat	nose	braver

Far into the woods the Wolf ran. He did not stop to look back.

He was not hurt much; but he was afraid of the man.

At last he sat down at the foot of a tree to rest.

Who should find him there but the Fox?

"Well, brother Wolf," he said, "how did you like the man? You look as if you had met him."

"Oh," said the Wolf, "he was not strong at all. Any one could see that.

"But it was his way of doing things that made me run from him.

"First he took a stick from his shoulder and blew into it. Some

little things flew out of it and hit me in the face. They stung like nettles.

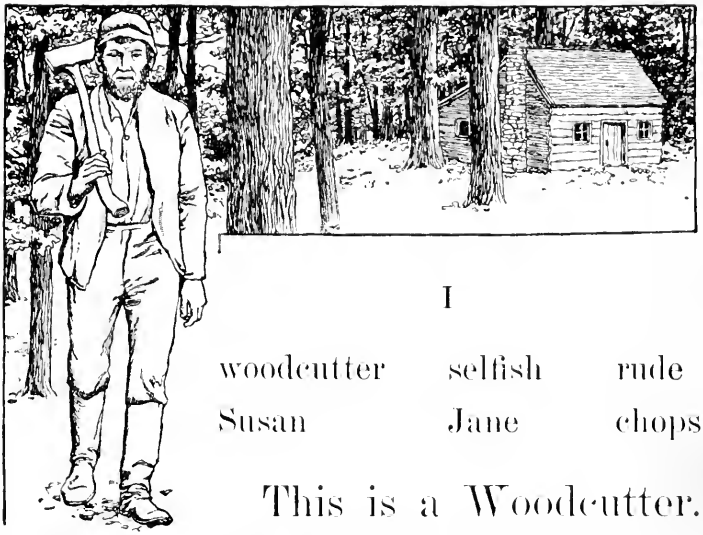
"I jumped at him, and he blew into his stick again. A shower of hot stones fell about my ears.

"Then he drew a sharp bone from his body and beat me about the nose.

"What could I do but run away?"

"Well, well!" said the Fox. "You can talk very big. But in the end you are no braver than the rest of us."

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE WOODS



I

woodcutter	selfish	rude
Susan	Jane	chops

This is a Woodcutter.

He lives in a little log house in the woods.

Every day he goes out with his ax to cut wood.

He chops down the large trees and cuts them into logs for the sawmill.

At the sawmill the logs are sawed into boards.

The boards are used for building houses.

There was once a Woodcutter who had three little girls.

I do not know the names of these girls, but we will call them Susan, Jane, and Annie.

Susan and Jane were proud and selfish; and sometimes they were very rude and unkind to those around them.

But Annie, who was the youngest, was a sweet child.

She was gentle and kind to everybody and everything.

Her father loved her.

II

seeds jug perhaps owls hooted

One morning the Woodcutter said, "I am going far into the woods to-day. I shall be very busy, and I can not come home for dinner.

"Let Susan bring it to me in her little basket."

"But, father, how shall I find the way?" said Susan.

"Oh, that will be easy enough," said the Woodcutter. "I will take with me a bag of seeds, and drop a few here and there. You have only to look for them on the ground, and you will find the way."

So, when the sun was high in the sky, Susan took her little basket and a jug of milk and started out to find her father.

But the larks and the sparrows had been that way. They had picked up all the seeds that her father had dropped.

She did not know which way to go.

"I will keep on walking," she said. "Perhaps I shall soon hear the sound of the ax."

So she walked and walked through the green woods. But she heard only the birds singing in the high tree tops.

She walked till the sun went down and night came on.

The owls hooted in the trees. It was so dark that she could not see where to step.

The poor girl was much afraid.

"I shall never find my way home," she said.

III

toward inside knocked voice people

All at once, Susan saw a light shining far away among the trees.

"It is a house," she said. "The people who live there will keep me till morning."

She went toward the light.

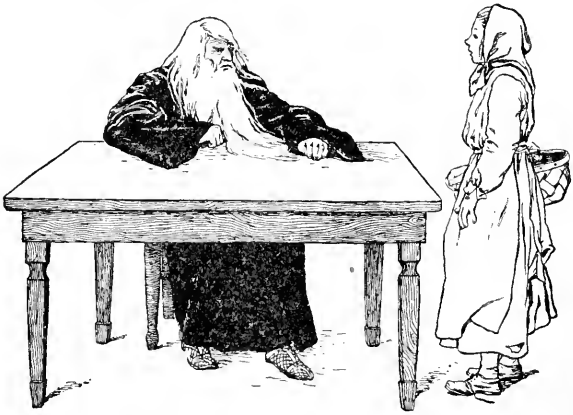
In a short time she came to a very little house with a big chimney at one end.

There seemed to be a bright fire inside, for the windows were all lighted up.

She knocked at the door, "Tap, tap, tap!"

"Come in!" said a voice.

Susan opened the door.



An old, old Man was sitting at a table. His long hair was as white as snow. It covered the table and fell almost to the floor.

On the ground before the fire were three animals, a Hen, a Rooster, and a speckled Cow.

The Man did not look up when Susan opened the door. He sat quite still, with his hands over his face.

"Kind sir," said Susan, "I am lost in the great woods. Will you let me stay in your house through the night?"

IV

moo	cook	served	smoking	eaten
trap	cellar	sheets	second	drunk

The Old Man raised his head. He looked at the animals by the fire. Then he said:

"Pretty Hen and Rooster
And pretty speckled Cow,
What say you to that?"

The Hen said, "Cluck!"

The Rooster answered, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The speckled Cow said, "Moo!"

"Very well, then," said the Old Man, "go now into the kitchen and cook some supper for us."

Susan found plenty of good food in the kitchen.

She cooked a fine supper, but she did not think of the animals.

When everything was ready, she carried the plates into the room and set the table for the Old Man.

She brought the food smoking hot, and served it as she had always done at home.

Then she sat down at the other side of the table, and she and the Old Man ate together.

After supper she said: "I am very tired. Where is my bed, and where shall I sleep?"

The animals by the fire spoke up and said:

"You have eaten with him,
You have drunk with him, too,—
And yet you have not thought
of us.
Still, you may pass the night here."

Then the Old Man said: "Go

now upstairs, and you will find two bedrooms. The first room is mine.

"Go into it. Shake the bed, cover it with white sheets, and put the pillows in their places.

"When you have done this, you may go into the next room. There you will find your own bed."

Susan went upstairs. There she saw the two bedrooms, as the Old Man had said.

She shook the first bed and put the sheets and pillows in their places. She was so tired that she thought she would rest a little while.

So she lay down on the bed;

but before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

Soon the Old Man went upstairs into his room.

When he saw Susan fast asleep on his bed, he shook his head and looked very sad.

Then he opened a trap door in the floor, and the bed, with Susan on it, sank down into the cellar.

V

late bite peas angry blame

Late that evening the Woodcutter came home. He was very hungry, and he felt angry, too.

"Why did not Susan bring my dinner?" he said. "I have not had a bite to eat all day."

"Do not blame me," said his wife. "Susan started at noon. She must have lost her way."

"Well, then, she will find it again," said the Woodcutter. "She can not go far wrong, and she will come home safe in the morning."

But Susan's mother sat up all night, watching for her.

In the morning the Woodcutter got up as soon as it was light.

"Jane must bring my dinner to me to-day," he said. "I will take a bag of peas with me. They are bigger than grass seed.

"The girl will see them and not get lost as Susan did."

VI

quails thoughtless touched shelter

At noon, Jane set out with her father's dinner.

"Be sure to look for the peas," said her mother.

But the blackbirds and the quails had been that way, and they had picked up every pea.

Poor Jane went this way and that, trying to find her father.

When, at last, night came, she, too, found the little house in the woods.

She asked the Old Man for shelter through the night, and he turned to his animals again:

"Pretty Hen and Rooster
And pretty speckled Cow,
What say you to that?"

The Hen answered, "Cluck!"

The Rooster crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

And the Cow said, "Moo!"

Jane then went into the kitchen and cooked a good supper. But she did not think of the animals.

She sat down and ate and drank with the Old Man. But the animals did not have any supper.

When the thoughtless girl asked for her bed, they said:

"You have eaten with him,
You have drunk with him, too,—
And yet you have not thought of us.
Still, you may stay here all night."

Then she went upstairs to make the beds.

When the Old Man went to his room he found Jane there, fast asleep. Her own bed had not been touched.

He looked at her and shook his head. Then he opened the trap door, and the bed, with the sleeping girl, sank down into the cellar.

VII

path bean fail

When the Woodcutter came home that night, he was more angry than before.

"Girls are good for nothing," he said. "They can not even carry a

basket of food to their father. If they go into the woods, they are sure to get lost."

"I am afraid," said his wife, "that we shall never see Susan and Jane again."

"Oh, never fear," said he. "They will come home, by and by.

"But to-morrow little Annie must take my dinner to me. She is a good child, and she will not run this way and that, like her sisters."

"But what if she should get lost, too!" said the mother.

"Never fear; for she will keep her eyes open," said the Wood-cutter. "And I will drop a bean now and then to show her the

way. Beans are larger than peas, and she will not fail to see them."

VIII

squirrels petted stroked sir

At noon little Annie started out with her basket on her arm.

But the squirrels had picked up all the beans; and she did not know which way to go.

"How hungry my father will be!" she thought. "And how sad my mother will be if I never find my way home!"

It was quite dark when she came to the little house in the woods.

"Please, may I rest here till morning?" she asked. "It is so dark that I can not see my way."

Then the Old Man turned to his animals as before, and said:

"Pretty Hen and Rooster
And pretty speckled Cow,
What say you to that?"

The Hen said, "Cluck! cluck!"

The Rooster crowed, "Cock-a-doodle, doo-ah!

The Cow answered, "Moo! moo!"

Then Annie went and petted the Hen and the Rooster, and smoothed their feathers; and she stroked the Cow between the horns and spoke kind words to her.

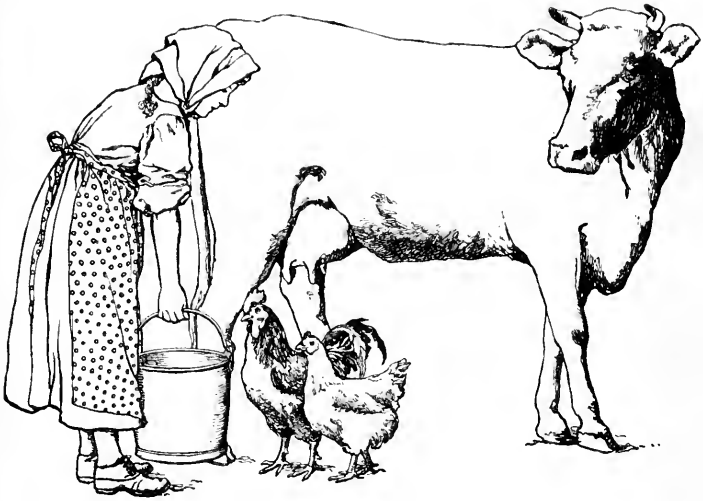
After this she cooked a good supper, and set it on the table before the Old Man.

"Will you not sit down with me and eat?" he asked. "You must be very hungry."

"I thank you, sir," she said. "But these animals are hungry, and I must feed them first."

Then she brought corn and gave it to the chickens; and she brought hay for the Cow.

"Now, eat away, you good creatures," she said; "and by and by you shall have water to drink."



IX

pailful edge kindly beaks

She waited till they had eaten the corn and hay.

Then she brought a pailful of clear water from the well.

The Hen and the Rooster sat on the edge of the pail and put their beaks in the water. Then they held their heads up, as birds do when they drink.

When they had had enough, they flew back to their places. Then the Cow drank the water that was left.

After all the rest in the house had been fed and cared for, little Annie sat down at a table in the kitchen and ate her supper.

Soon the Hen and the Rooster put their heads under their wings. The speckled Cow turned her head away from the light and shut her eyes.

Then little Annie said, "Shall we not all take our rest?"

The Old Man turned to the animals and said, as before:

"Pretty Hen and Rooster
And pretty speckled Cow,
What say you to that?"

The Hen clucked, the Rooster crowed, and the Cow mooed. Then all said:

"You have eaten with us,
You have drunk with us, too,
You have thought kindly of us,
And we wish you a good night's rest."

X

pair	ready	dreamed	ivory
midnight	slippers	curtains	silk

Little Annie went upstairs and shook up the Old Man's bed. She

spread clean, white sheets upon it; she put the pillows in their places.

"Kind sir," she called from the head of the stairs, "your bed is ready, and I wish you good night."

Then she went into her own room and shut the door. Soon she was fast asleep in her little bed.

At about midnight, little Annie awoke with a start.

There was a great noise in the house. The windows shook. The doors slammed. The stairs fell down. The roof fell in.

Little Annie heard it all, but she was not afraid.

By and by everything was quiet again. The house was very still.

Little Annie shut her eyes and went to sleep.

She slept quite late the next morning. When she awoke, the sun was shining in at the window.

And what did she see?

She was lying in a large room, more beautiful than she had ever dreamed of.

The walls were covered with gold flowers on a green silk ground.

The bed was of ivory as white as snow. The curtains were of red silk. There were many beautiful pictures on the wall.

On the floor by the bed there was a pair of white slippers that would just fit Annie's feet.

XI

servants	arrayed	faded	prince
change	breakfast	queen	velvet

The child thought that it was all a dream.

But soon three servants came into the room. They asked her what they could do to help her.

"Leave me," she said. "I will

get up at once and cook some breakfast for the Old Man.

"The Chickens and the Cow must be very hungry, and I will feed them."

"But you must let me help you," said one of the servants.

She brought the most beautiful dresses that little Annie had ever seen; and soon the child was arrayed like a queen.

Then there was a gentle knock at the door. It opened, and there stood the Old Man, his white hair falling to the floor.

But as Annie looked at him, a great change took place.

The white hair faded away, and

the Old Man was seen no more. In his place stood a young Prince dressed in gold and velvet.

XII

ugly	palace	form
welcome	witch	princess

"Welcome! welcome, gentle Annie!" he said.

"But how? but what?" cried the child. She did not know what to say.

"I am a King's son," said the Prince. "Long ago a bad, ugly witch changed me into the form of an Old Man.

"She made me live in the little house in the woods.

"She changed my three servants into a Hen, a Rooster, and a speckled Cow.

"She said that I should never be myself again till a gentle child should come who would be as kind to my animals as to me. You are that child.

"And now I am myself again,

and the little house in the woods is my palace."

When the Prince had said these words, he turned to his three servants.

"Go now," he said, "and find this little girl's father and mother. Bring them to the palace; for they must all live here with me, and gentle Annie must be a princess."

"Will they not find my sisters, Susan and Jane, also?" asked the child. "May they not be princesses, too?"

"Your sisters are in my cellar," said the Prince. "They will be my servants till they have learned to be gentle and kind to all living things."

THE UGLY DUCKLING

I

duckling crept already broken

"Quack! quack!" said the old duck one morning.

She had been sitting on her nest four long weeks.

Now it was time for the little ducks to come out of the eggs.

"Quack! quack!" she said. Then she looked up at the sun.

She was thinking of the six eggs that were under her.

"What fine ducklings I shall have!" she said to herself.

The very next day five of the eggs were broken.

Five little ducks had come out of them. They peeped out from under their mother's wing.

But the largest egg still lay in the nest.

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the old duck.

Before the end of another week the large egg broke open.

"Peep! peep!" said the little one as it crept from the shell.

The old duck looked at it.

It was big and ugly. It did not look like the other ducklings.

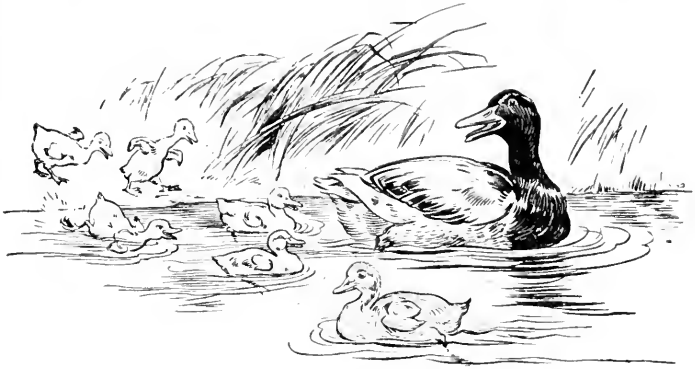
"What is it?" said the old duck.

"I wonder what it will come to."

But she was as kind to it as to any of the rest.

II

brood follow moves family



The next day the mother duck took her brood down to the water.

She jumped into it.

"Quack, quack! Follow me," she said.

One after another the ducklings followed her.

Soon all were swimming about and playing in the water.

The mother was glad to see that the big ugly one could swim as well as the others.

"How well he moves his legs!" she said.

"How fast he swims over the water! He is not so very ugly, after all."

Then she climbed out of the water. "Quack, quack!" she said.

The little ducks heard her. They came out, one by one, and felt much better for their swim.

Then their mother led them back to the barnyard to show them to the other ducks.

"See what a fine family I have," she said.

III

want	harm	cross	head
crept	brothers	nothing	chickens

The other ducks quacked and made a great noise.

"See!" they said. "Here comes another brood.

"What an ugly thing one of them is! We don't want him with us."

Then a cross old duck ran out and bit the duckling on the head.

"Let him alone," said the mother. "He is not doing any harm."

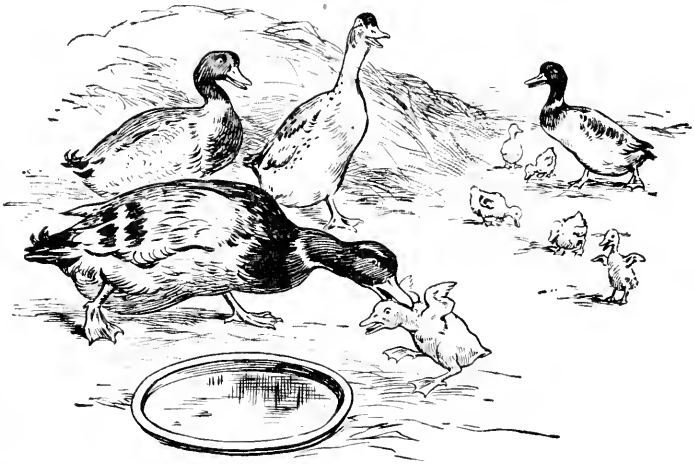
"But he is so ugly," said the other.

"I know he is not pretty," said the mother duck. "But he is good and kind, and he swims well."

The duckling could not find any friends.

The chickens made fun of him.

"You are too big for a duck,"



they said; "and you are too ugly for a chicken.

"You are good for nothing."

His own brothers and sisters would not play with him.

"You ugly thing," they said, "we wish the cat would get you."

Then they ran and left him.

Every day he was made to feel how ugly he was.

The ducks bit him.

The hens flew at him.

At last he crept out into the road and ran away.

IV

die growl woman hen cluck

The duckling did not know where to go.

He ran across a field and through some green woods.

Even the rabbits and the little birds were afraid of him.

It was night when he came to an old log house in the woods.

He was very tired.

The door of the house was half open.

He went in and sat down in a corner. "I might as well die here," he said.

A woman, a cat, and a hen lived in the little old house.

They were all asleep when the duckling went in.

In the morning, the cat was the first to see him. It began to growl.

Then the hen saw him and began to cluck.

"What is all that noise about?" said the woman.

She looked around. There sat the duckling in the corner.

"Oh, what a fine duck!" she said. "I must keep it. By and by we shall have some eggs."

"As if I did not lay any eggs!" said the hen; and she clucked very loud.

But the duckling sat very still in his corner and said nothing.

V

fresh	crumbs	dive	raise
spoke	near	silly	forget

By and by the sun began to shine warm and bright.

The fresh air came into the room through the open door.

Then the duckling wanted very much to go out and swim on some water.

He came out of his corner and spoke to the hen, who was picking up some crumbs.

"Is there a brook or a river anywhere near this place?" he asked.

"How should I know?" said the hen. "I have no use for such things.

"The old house is good enough for me."

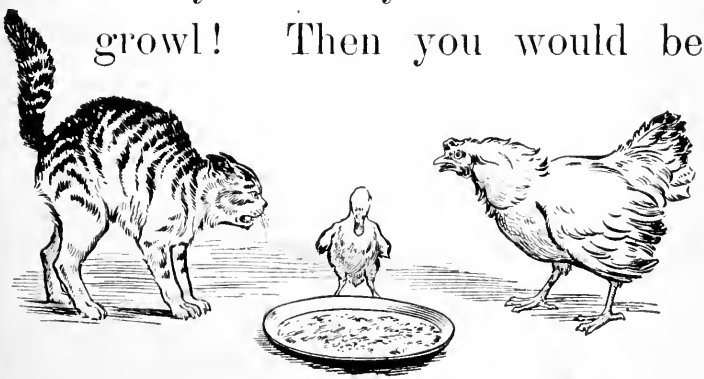
"But it is very pleasant to swim," said the duckling. "It is great fun to dive to the bottom of the brook and feel the water above you."

"How silly you are!" said the hen. "If you could only do something useful, you would be better off."

"How is that?" asked the duckling.

"Well, if you could only lay an egg or two every day, you might pay for your board, and forget about the brook and the river."

"Yes," said the cat, "and if you could only raise your back and growl! Then you would be



doing something useful, and you might forget about swimming."

"But I don't want to forget," said the duck.

"You are good for nothing," clucked the hen.

"You are good for nothing," growled the cat. "Please get out of our way."

"I want no do-nothings in this house," said the woman.

VI

proud bank crows caw

The duckling was glad to leave the old house.

He was glad to get away from the proud hen and the cross cat.

He went out into a field where there was nothing but stones and dry grass.

"Even these are better than the hen and the cat," he said.

By and by he came to the end of the field; and there was the brook.

Very happy now was the duckling.

The water in the brook was so deep that he could dive far down.

Flowers grew on the bank, and in one place there were water lilies.

Here he could find food enough, and at night the tall grass sheltered him.

But he was so ugly that he could find no friends.

Winter was coming.

The days were growing short.

The north wind began to blow.

The clouds were full of snow.

The crows in the tree tops cried, "Caw, caw, caw!" and then flew far away.

The robins and the bluebirds had gone long before.

The ugly duckling was all alone.

VII

swans spread loudly

One evening, just as the sun was setting, some snow-white birds came flying over the trees.

The duckling had never seen any birds like them.

They were swans. They spread

their white wings and flew away toward the warm south.

How the duckling wished that he could fly with them!

He called to them. He tried to rise in the air.

His wings were not strong enough. He fell back into the water.

VIII

shelter	farmer	spilled	bushes
struck	frozen	covered	rocks

The days grew colder and colder.

There was ice on the water. The leaves had fallen from the trees.

There was no place for the ugly duckling to find shelter.

One morning a farmer came down to the brook.

He found the poor duckling frozen fast in the ice.

He broke the ice and carried the duckling home to his children.

The children put the half-frozen bird in a basket. They set the basket by the fire.

The warm air was so pleasant that the duckling soon felt better. He jumped out of the basket and spread his wings.

The children ran to catch him.

He flew into the milk pan and spilled the milk on the floor.

He ran into this corner, and then into that.

The children tried hard to catch him. Their mother struck at him with a long stick.

The duckling saw that the door

was open. Before the children could lay their hands on him he ran out.

They could not catch him.

He ran into a wild place where there were many bushes.

He hid himself in a corner between two big rocks.

There he sat for a long time, while the snow fell and covered the rocks.

IX

rushes orchard lake

What a sad time the poor duckling had that winter!

How he kept alive through the long, cold months, I do not know.

At last spring came.

Then one morning he found himself by the side of a little lake, among tall, green rushes.

He felt the warm sun shining; he heard a robin singing. He was very happy.

His wings were strong now. He tried them, and rose high above the trees.

How far he flew, I do not know. But by and by he came to a fine, deep brook by the side of a green orchard.

There he stopped to swim a little while.

"This is a pretty place to live in," he said. "I wonder if there are any cross old hens here."

X

necks pecked kill bowed troubles

The apple trees were in blossom, and everything was very beautiful.

Soon three white swans came swimming down the brook.

How pretty they were, with their long necks and snow-white wings!

The duckling felt that he could not stay away from these birds.

"I will go to them," he said. "They may kill me if they wish.

"But that will be better than to be pecked by old hens. It will be better than living alone through the cold winter."

So he swam to meet the swans.

When the swans saw the duckling on the water, they rushed to meet him.

"Kill me if you will," said the poor bird. He bowed his head and waited.

But what did he see in the clear water below?

He saw the picture of himself.

He was no longer an ugly duckling. He was a beautiful young swan.

All his troubles were over.

He thought no more of the cold winter. He thought no more of the ice and snow and the driving north wind.

The hens that had pecked him were forgotten. The ducks that had made fun of him and the cross old cat that had growled at him were forgotten, too.

For the great white swans were swimming around him. They were telling him that they were his friends.

He had never been so happy.

XI

Soon some children came into the orchard. They brought crumbs to throw to the great white birds.

"See!" said one, "there is a new swan!"

Then all ran to tell their mother.

"A new swan has come!" they cried. "And he is the most beautiful of all."

And the old swans bowed their heads before the one who had been called the "ugly duckling."

THE STORY OF THUMBLING

I

wife feed easy tulip prettily

There was once a Farmer's Wife who had no little child.

This made her very sad; for the house was lonely without children.

"How happy I should be," she said, "if we could have a little girl!"

So, one day, she went to a Wise Woman to ask what she should do.

"I wish a little child," she said. "Can you tell me where I can get one?"

"That is easy enough," said the Wise Woman.

"Oh, I am so glad," said the Farmer's Wife. "Tell me all about it."

"Well," said the Wise Woman, "here is a grain of corn."

"I see."

"It is not the kind that grows in your field. It is not the kind that you feed to the chickens."

"I see, I see," said the Farmer's Wife.

"Very well, then," said the Wise Woman. "Take it and plant it in a flower pot. Then you will see what is to be seen."

"Thank you," said the Farmer's Wife; and she gave the Wise Woman some money, and went home.

She planted the corn in a flower pot, and waited to see it grow.

The very next day a large flower came up.

It looked like a tulip, but the leaves were not open. It was still a bud.

"How beautiful it will be when it opens!" said the Farmer's Wife.

Then she kissed its red and yellow leaves.

As she kissed it, the flower gave a loud snap. It opened!

It was a tulip, as any one could

see. But what do you think was inside of the tulip?

In the very center of the flower there was a little girl.

She was not larger than a bee. She was dressed very prettily.

II

thumb	shell	inch	walnut
cradle	moss	sweetly	blanket

The Farmer and his Wife were very glad.

The little girl was not half as long as your thumb.

So they named her Thumbling.

"She must have a cradle," said the Farmer.

So he made her one out of a walnut shell.

Her bed was of soft moss. Her blanket was a rose leaf.

There she slept all night.

The next day she could run and play like any child.

But, oh, how little she was! She was only an inch high.

The Farmer and his Wife were never tired looking at her.

She soon learned to talk; and she could sing as sweetly as a bird.

III

One night Thumbling was asleep in her pretty bed.

Everything was still. The doors were shut.

But the window was open a little.

A big green Frog crept in.

Oh, how ugly she was!

She hopped up on the table. She saw Thumbling asleep there in her little bed.

"What a pretty little girl!" said the Frog.

"My son would like to have her for his wife. I think I will take her to him."

She took up the walnut shell that held Thumbling's bed.

She carried it out of the window. She hopped down into the garden.

IV

croak tiny hush island

By the side of the garden there was a brook.

The Frog lived there on a flat stone. Her son lived with her.

How ugly he was! He looked as old as his mother.

"Croak! croak!" was all that he could say when he saw Thumbling in her tiny bed.

"Hush," said the old Frog. "You will wake her up, and she will run away."

"But, mother, what shall we do with her?"

"Carry her out in the brook and put her on a water-lily leaf. She is so small and light it will be like an island to her.

"Then she can not get away."

V

middle matter awoke

In the middle of the brook were many water lilies.

Their leaves floated on the water.

On the largest leaf the Frog laid the walnut shell. Thumbling was in it asleep.

"Croak! croak!" said the young Frog, sitting on the stone. "Now we have her. Come, mother!"

In the morning Thumbling awoke and began to cry.

"Keep still," said the old Frog. "You shall have a better house to-morrow. For then you must come and live with us."

This made the child cry harder than before. She did not want to live with the ugly Frogs.

There were many fishes in the water. They looked up and saw Thumbling. They heard her crying.

"What is the matter, little girl?" they said.

Thumbling told them.

"Go and live with the Frogs?" they said. "No, that must never be!"

VI

sharp teeth stalk wondered

The little fishes swam around the green stalk that held the lily leaf.

They bit the stalk with their sharp teeth.

Soon they bit the stalk in two.

Then the lily leaf floated away, down the brook.

It carried Thumbling away from the ugly Frogs.

"Croak! croak!" they said. But they could not follow.

Thumbling sailed many, many miles.

She sailed past gardens and farms and towns and green woods.

The birds that sat on the trees saw her, and said, "What a pretty little girl!"

And they wondered where she was going.

VII

bug claws biggest ought feelers

By and by a big May Bug came flying through the air.

He saw Thumbling on the lily leaf.

Down he flew.

He caught the poor child and held her with his long claws.

Then he flew with her into a tree.

The lily leaf floated on, down the stream.

As for poor little Thumbling, how frightened she was!

But the May Bug did not care.

He put her on the biggest green leaf of the tree.

He gave her the sweetest part of some flowers to eat.

"She does not look at all like a May bug," he said. "And yet, how pretty she is!"

Soon many other May bugs came into the tree to look at her.

"Why!" said one. "She has no claws."

"She has only two legs," said another. "She ought to have six."

"And she has not any feelers," said still another.

"Oh! oh!" said all the lady May bugs. "She looks just like a girl. How ugly!"

Yet Thumbling was very pretty. Even the May Bug that had carried her up into the tree saw that.

But when all the rest said that she was ugly, he began to think that maybe they were right.

"I don't want her," he said. "She may go where she likes."

Then he flew down with her from the tree. He set her upon a big daisy and left her there.

VIII

became sheltered withered dew

Poor Thumbling did not know what to do.

She sat on the daisy for a long time, and cried.

She cried because she was so ugly that the May bugs would not let her live with them.

And yet I say Thumbling was very pretty. She was as pretty as the prettiest flower you ever saw. And she was as good as the day is long.

All through the summer poor Thumbling lived quite alone in the great woods.

She made herself a bed out of the leaves of grass. She hung it up under a big leaf where the rain could not wet it.

She ate the honey from the flowers.

She drank the dew that stood every morning on the leaves.

And so the summer and the pleasant days of autumn passed.

Then came winter, the long, cold winter.

The birds were all gone. The trees and flowers had shed their leaves.

The big leaf that sheltered little Thumbling was withered and dry.

What could the poor child do?

She was hungry and cold. She had no home.

"I will go and see the Field Mouse," she said.

IX

snug cornfield neat beggar

The Field Mouse had a snug little house in the cornfield.

She had a room full of corn. She had warm beds, and a neat parlor, and a kitchen with many good things in it.

Poor Thumbling stood at the door like any beggar.

The good Field Mouse saw how cold she was.

"You dear child," she said, "come into my warm house. You shall eat dinner with me."

Thumbling thanked her.

"You may stay with me all winter, if you like," said the Mouse.

"But how shall I pay you?" asked Thumbling.

"Oh, you may keep my room neat and clean," said the Field Mouse; "and you may tell me pretty stories."

So Thumbling stayed in the Field Mouse's house, and had a very good time of it.

The winter was long and cold.

X

pillow numb damp sorry dead

One day Thumbling found a poor bird lying under the snow near the Field Mouse's door. His wings were folded. His eyes were closed.

Thumbling was very sorry. She thought he was dead. She thought of the little birds that had sung to her in the pleasant summer time.

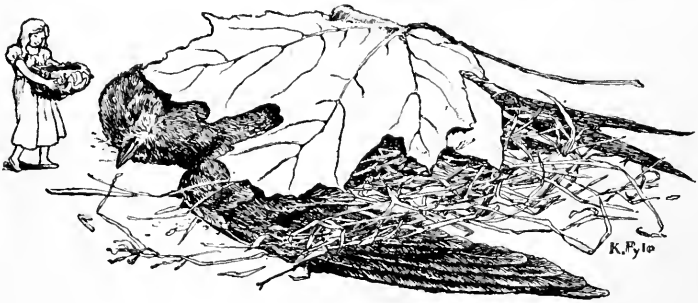
"Poor little Swallow!" she said. "Your bed is very cold. You must not lie in the damp snow."

She ran and brought her own soft blankets of hay and wool.

She laid them over the bird. She made a pillow of moss for his head.

"Good-by, you pretty little Swallow," she said.

Then she laid her warm face against the bird's head.



And what do you think happened?

The bird moved.

It was not dead. It was only numb with the cold.

How glad Thumbling was!

The bird was much larger than Thumbling. For she was only an inch high.

XI

warmer acorn fallen

Thumbling ran and brought more hay to make the Swallow's bed warmer.

She brought a leaf and laid it on his head.

Soon the Swallow moved again. He held up his head. He looked at her.

"I thank you, pretty child," he said. "I am now quite warm.

"Soon I shall be strong again. Then I can fly out into the bright sunshine."

The child ran and brought the Swallow some water in an acorn cup.

"You must stay in the Field Mouse's home," she said. "You can not live out of doors. The air is too cold. The trees are full of snow and ice."

The Swallow thanked her.

Then he told her how he had hurt one of his wings and could not fly fast. The other swallows had left him behind, and he had fallen to the ground.

"After that I did not know anything," he said.

"I did not know anything till you found me and brought me to life."

XII

pushed against shone crept

All that winter the Swallow lived in the Field Mouse's warm house.

The Field Mouse did not like birds, and she would say nothing to him.

But she wished to please Thumbling, and so let him stay.

At last spring came.

The sun was bright. The air was warm.

"I must go now," said the Swallow.

He pushed against the door. The warm sun shone down upon him.

He looked out. He could see the green fields and the pleasant woods.

"How beautiful everything is!" he said.

"Come, and fly away with me. You can sit on my back, and I will carry you to any place you wish to go."

Thumbling did not know what to think.

She wanted to go with him; for she did not like to live in the dark ground when all was beautiful above.

"But the good Field Mouse will

be very sad if I go and leave her," she said.

"Then, shall I tell you good-by?" said the Swallow; and the child saw a tear in his eye.

"No, no!" she answered; "I will go with you."

Thumbling sat on the Swallow's back, and the Swallow flew up into the air.

Up, up, they went until the woods and the hills and the great sea were far below them.

It was cold, away up there; but Thumbling did not mind it.

She crept under the bird's soft feathers and only looked out to see the beautiful things below.

XIII

twice castle choose chose

By and by they came to a warm country.

There the sun shone very bright, and the sky seemed twice as high as it seems here.

There were flowers everywhere; and beautiful children ran about, playing with the butterflies.

But the Swallow flew on.

More and more beautiful did everything become.

At last they saw a wonderful white castle on the shore of a blue lake.

Over the doors there were vines with pretty flowers upon them. At the top were the nests of many swallows.

"That is my house," said the Swallow that was carrying Thumbling. "But it is not the kind of house for you."

"Where, then, shall I live?" asked the child.

"Choose one of the flowers which you see growing down there," said the Swallow.

"I will put you into it, and you shall have everything you wish."

So Thumbling chose a great white flower that grew close to a high wall.

The Swallow flew down, and set her upon one of its broad leaves.

And what do you think happened then?

XIV

crown shoulders king queen Maia

In the flower Thumbling saw a little man.

He was as white as snow. He had a gold crown on his head. He had bright wings on his shoulders.

He was no larger than Thumbling.

He was the fairy of the flower.

"Oh, how beautiful he is!" said Thumbling to the Swallow.

In each of the flowers there was

a little man or a little woman. But this one was the King of them all.

The fairy King was afraid of the Swallow, the bird was so large, and he was so small.

But he was glad to see Thumb-

ling. She was the prettiest maiden he had ever seen.

So he took off his crown and put it on her head.

"You shall be the Queen of all the flower fairies," he said.

Then he asked her name.

"My name is Thumbling," she said. "They called me that because I am so very little."

"That is an ugly name," said the King. "You shall have a new one. We will call you Maia."

XV

wedding lady lord pair

Soon there was a pretty wedding. For Maia was to be the wife of

the fairy King. She was to be the Queen of the flower fairies.

How happy every one was!

Out of every flower came a lady or a lord, so pretty that to see them would have made you glad.

Each one brought the Queen a present. But the best gift of all was a pair of beautiful golden wings.

When Maia put these on, she could fly from flower to flower.

Then how glad every one was!

The Swallow sat in his nest above the flowers and sang his best songs.

"You were always a flower fairy," he said. "But the Farmer's Wife did not know it. Live, now, with your own little people, and be happy."

BRIAR ROSE

I

unhappy	born	feast	also
carriages	rejoice	gifts	thirteen

Once there lived a King and Queen who were very unhappy.

They had fine clothes and beautiful pictures and heaps of gold.

They had horses and carriages and servants. They had a fine old castle in which they lived. They had almost everything.

Why then were they unhappy?

They were unhappy because they had no child of their own.

But at last, one fine summer morning, a baby girl was born.

And now the happiest man in the world was the King, and the happiest woman was the Queen.

The child was so beautiful that everybody wondered.

When the little Princess was eight days old the King made a great feast in his palace.

And he asked all his friends, near

and far, to come to the feast and be glad with him.

He sent also for all the Wise Women in the country to come and rejoice with the rest.

Now, there were thirteen of these Wise Women. They were said to love little children; and they sometimes gave them beautiful presents.

When the time came for the feast, all who had been invited were there.

One table was for the Wise Women. But there were only twelve golden plates, and only twelve chairs were placed at the table.

One Wise Woman was left out, because there was no room for her. How do you think she liked that?

II

health manners wisdom praised

As soon as the feast was over, the little Princess was brought into the room.

Then every one who was there praised her beauty; and every one gave her a gift.

The Wise Women gave her their gifts, each one in her turn.

"I give her beauty," said the first.

"I give her a kind heart," said the second.

"I give her riches," said the third.

"I give her a noble mind," said the fourth.

"I give her health and strength," said the fifth.

"I give her gentle manners," said the sixth.

"I give her bright eyes to see all beautiful things," said the seventh.

"I give her a sweet voice," said the eighth.

"I give her wisdom," said the ninth.

"I give her many friends," said the tenth.

"I give her a joyful life," said the eleventh.

But before the twelfth could speak, the Wise Woman who had been left out came up and pushed her away.

"Hear me!" she said. "I have no gift for this child.

"But, on the day that she is fifteen years old, something will happen to her.

"She shall stick her hand with a spindle, and she shall die."

Not another word did she say. She turned, and went out of the room. She was very rude.

The King was much troubled. All who heard the rude old Woman's words were troubled.

For things were quite sure to happen just as she said they would.

At last the twelfth Wise Woman spoke. "The Princess shall stick her hand with a spindle," she said; "but she shall sleep and not die.

"My gift to her is long life. She shall sleep a hundred years."

The King was still troubled. He could not bear to think that any harm should come to his child.

So he sent men to gather up and burn all the spindles they could find.

"There is not another spindle in all the country," they said when they came back.

III

amuse	stairway	key	twirl
narrow	mark	flax	point

Days and years passed by.

The little Princess became a beautiful maiden, wise, loving, and kind.

She had all the gifts that the Wise Women had given her.

On the day that the Princess was fifteen years old the King and Queen went out for a long drive.

The Princess was left at home alone.

She tried to amuse herself.

She went from one room to another, looking first at this thing and then at that.

At last she came to a narrow stairway.

Up, up, she climbed till she came to a door at the top.

"I wonder what is in there," she said to herself.

The key was in the door.

She turned it, and the door flew open.

And there she saw a little old woman with a spindle in her hand. The woman was spinning flax.

"Good day, my dear lady," said the Princess. "What are you doing here?"

"I am spinning," said the little woman.

"How strange!" said the Princess. "What are you spinning?"

"Flax! only flax!" said the woman.

"What thing is that which turns around so fast in your fingers?" asked the Princess.

"It is only a spindle," answered the woman.

The Princess took hold of the spindle. She tried to twirl it between her fingers.

All at once the sharp point of the spindle fell against her hand.

It made a long red mark.

The Princess cried out, "Oh!"

Then she fell back upon a bed that stood near by.

She was fast asleep.

IV

hall	stable	dough	watch
brave	doves	snore	stirred

The King and Queen had just come home. They fell asleep in the hall.

The fair ladies and brave men who were with them also fell asleep.

The horses in the stable and the white doves on the roof shut their eyes and went to sleep.

The flies on the wall, and even the blazing fire in the big fireplace, stopped just as they were and did not move again.

The cook in the kitchen stood

still, with her hands in the dough, and began to snore.

The watch dog at the door fell asleep while barking.

The kitchen cat fell asleep just as she was jumping for a mouse.

Even the wind stopped blowing.

Not a leaf stirred on the trees.

Everything was sound asleep.

V

hedge	hidden	flag
remembered	tower	thick

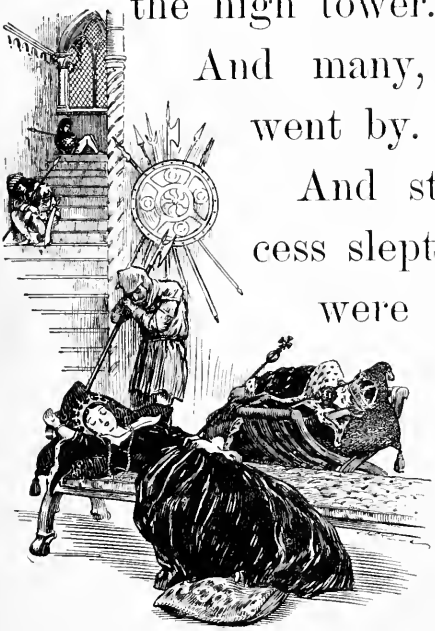
What a sleepy time it was in the castle of the good King!

A thick hedge of briars began to grow all around the castle grounds.

The briars grew very fast.

They grew higher and higher, and soon nothing could be seen of the castle.

All was hidden but the flag on the high tower.



And many, many years went by.

And still the Princess slept, and all that were in the castle slept.

People who saw the flag, high above the great wall of thorns, wondered why it was there.

Then some one said, "There is a

fine old castle on the other side of the briars."

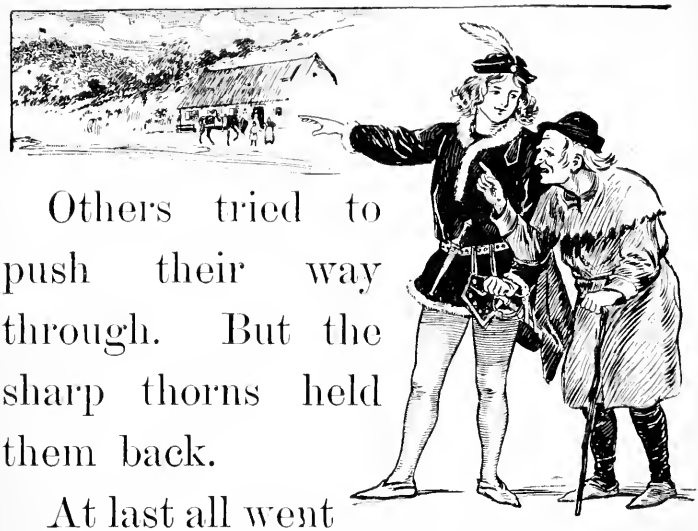
And another said: "There is a beautiful Princess in the castle. Her name is Briar Rose, and she is fast asleep."

And still another said, "Every one in the castle is fast asleep."

Brave young men from every land came to look at the wonderful wall of briars.

Every one said: "I will break through the briars. I will awaken the people in the castle. I will save the beautiful Briar Rose."

Some tried to cut the briars down. But as fast as one stalk was cut, two other stalks grew in its place.



Others tried to push their way through. But the sharp thorns held them back.

At last all went home again. And the briars grew higher and thicker every day.

Years went by, and only the oldest man in the country remembered the story of the sleeping castle.

Then one day a handsome young Prince from the other side of the sea came that way.

It was just one hundred years since Briar Rose had fallen asleep.

VI

The Prince heard the old man tell the story of the sleeping castle.

"I will save the beautiful Princess," he said. "I will break through the briars."

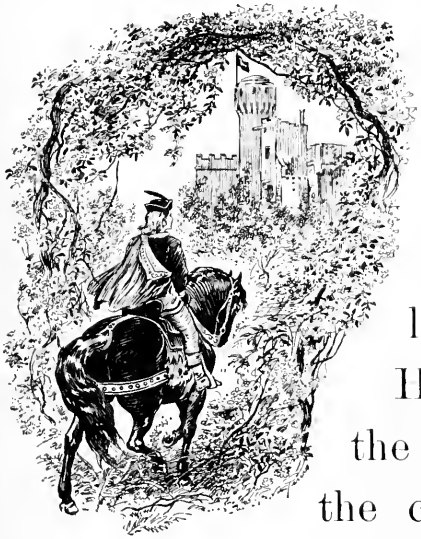
"Do not try to do such a thing," said the old man. "Many a brave young man has lost an eye, or an arm, or a leg in that wall of thorns."

"But I am not afraid," said the noble Prince.

Up the hill he rode, singing as he went.

The briars were so high he could not see the flag on the tower.

But as he came near them they opened to the right and the left and made a way for him to pass through.



Then, as he looked, the thorns all turned to fine large roses.

He rode through the open gates of the castle and saw the doves fast asleep on the roof.

He rode into the stable yard and saw the horses and the dogs lying fast asleep.

He got down and went into the kitchen. There were the flies asleep on the walls.

The cook slept with her hands in the dough. The house cat slept, with a sleeping mouse before her.

The Prince went into the hall. There the King and Queen sat sleeping in their chairs.

In every room he found something or somebody fast asleep.

VII

wagged soundly buzz sprang

At last the Prince came to the narrow stairway.

He went up, up, to the door at the top. The key was in the door.

He turned the key.

He pushed the door open.

He went into the little room.

There lay Briar Rose, fast asleep, on the bed where she had fallen.

She had not moved for a hundred years. She had not grown a day older.

Briar Rose was so beautiful that

the Prince could not turn his eyes away from her.

He stood still for a long time and looked at her. Then he bent over and kissed her.

As he did so, she opened her eyes. She awoke and smiled.

At the same time the whole castle awoke.

The King and the Queen, the fair ladies and the brave men, looked at one another and smiled.

"I do believe I have been asleep," said the King as he rubbed his eyes.

"I never had a pleasanter drive in my life," said the Queen.

She was only saying that which

she had begun to say a hundred years before.

The flies on the wall began to buzz. The fire in the big fire-place began to burn.

The cook began to make the cakes. The cat sprang after the mouse and missed it.

The horses in the stable got up and shook themselves.

The dogs wagged their tails, and went on with the barking they had begun a hundred years before.

The whole castle was wide awake, and everything was moving once more.

"What a pleasant time we have had," said every one. "And yet it

seems as though we had been asleep and dreaming."

The Prince and little Briar Rose came down the stairs.

The sun was shining. The birds were singing. The summer wind was blowing gently among the trees.

"Good morning, dear mother,"

said Briar Rose to the Queen; and she kissed her father, the King.

"I slept so soundly that I did not even dream," she said.

"But who is this handsome young Prince?" asked her mother.

"Yes, who is he?" asked the King.

"I think it was he that waked me up," said Briar Rose; "and I thank him."

"Yes, we all thank him," said the King and Queen together.

AN AFTER WORD

For the Teacher

The stories in this book are of the kind commonly called fairy tales. The most of such tales are very old, and it is not known when or by whom they were first told. Hundreds of years ago, mothers repeated them to their children, and people talked about them and learned them by heart. Each narrator used his own words in the telling, and made such changes and embellishments as his fancy suggested, care always being taken not to disturb the main thought or outcome of the tale. At length two brothers, Jacob and William Grimm, collected as many of such stories as they could, wrote them in German, and had them published in a book. A Danish author whose name was Hans Christian Andersen wrote many others, some of them new, and some the old, old fairy tales dressed in garbs of his own delightful fashioning. The stories of both Andersen and the Grimms were translated into English and have given pleasure to thousands of people, both young and old, in America as well as in England. But these translations, when given literally, are hard reading for most children — much too hard for beginners. And then, not all of them are suitable for use in well-conducted American schools; some fairy tales have outlived the times and the conditions for which they were written, and there is nothing to be gained by reading them.

There are certain stories, however, that teach valuable lessons of contentment, obedience, patience, gentleness, respect for authority, and kindness to all living things. These should be known and read by all children, for there is no pleasanter method of learning great truths. Most of the tales in this volume are of this class. Each one teaches its lesson, although in some the moral is less obvious than in others. Five are written anew from Andersen's collection, five from that of the Grimms. There are changes in the language and in the thought, to suit the needs of those who are to read them; but the main thread of the narrative is left unaltered.

The forms of expression are such as are easily understood by the youngest pupils. The words, too, are easy — most of them being the same as those used in *Baldwin's First Reader*. Such as are new or are likely to prove difficult are put in lists at the heads of the chapters or sections where they occur.

Children who have completed half of the regular work of the first-year grade, and who have learned to read with some fluency in any standard First Reader, will read these stories without difficulty. The book is designed to be used both as a supplement to the First Reader and as an easy introduction to the Second Reader.